The New East Lynne

By Clara Morris

Author of "Stage Life," "A Pasteboard Crown," and others.

CHAPTER IX.

Gretchen-I always shiver at thought it can reach your bank," and he as she lay dead by her own hand.

Idolatry—and even then so strong was birthday, Philip, but Daphne-May's."

jewels through burning tears. His One Love.

the amber-colored caravan tea I appreciated so thoroughly she said dream-lly: 'I am a seventa daughter of a 'I am a sevente daughter of a current birthdays."

"Slowly she spoke: 'You have lovel strengthen the feminine memory for but one person in the world—yourself, That the such dates like child-hearing. Now, my history of your amours can be told in stand-daughter gets her Egyptian dates No woman is too high for you to aspire You brush aside the bloom of innocence-you break the proud spirit of cence-you break the production of the a number of she will never mix to those who trusted you. You woo with dates of any member of her family tender fury-you abandon with heartless coldness. You break hearts-you destroy characters-you pull down reputations. You think a handful of gold A Child's Grief. thrown after a betrayed woman clears up all obligation.

breaks pays"-that is the law, and when the bill is presented not one item will be forgotten! Ah, believe me-not pleasures, into a thong for the flagella- answered; tion of his own shoulders!

"'You have been infinitely cruel to papa." goes to his grave without loving once.

You will live only in the light of her

A quiver passed over his face are eyes, and she will look upon you with sweet, cold indifference. Your living heart will lie in her two little hands, and for every tear you have caused a worran to shed about 1 and about woman to slied she will slowly wring a red drop from your heart. You will hunger and starve and agonize for the love of that one fall to the love of t love of that one fair woman, and at the very moment of seeming attain-

The Prophetess.

seventh daughter, and am gifted to read ous, and that ever-observant professor the secrets in the book of Fate! And acted like a brake, hard down, upon all I ask of God or devil is that in the what this moment spells for me!"

here, and without hat or cloak?" her beauty, never had he seen her like he wrote down her measurement. to this. Her black lids drooped somewhat languidly over the intense blue- Belden's ring, good mornings were exupon the table beside him, and ad-

With a suffocating cry of rapture game for unlimited stakes, Belden?" he leaned forward to meet her chal- high Stakes. lenge, when the exquisite face changed; it was hideous with scars, cruel, unhealed! The lovely tints were gone, the skin was yellow, old, unhealthful. He bounded to his feet, crying: "What is it? God, what is it?"

Belden, with heart laboring furiously, gasped, "Brandy-quick!"

Anton hesitatingly said: "Do you think it should be brandy,

"I think you heard what I said?" and in a moment he was taking the

forbidden peg of brandy! "You had no sleep last night, sir, c and napping, sitting upright, is apt to contempt in his tone he added. "You induce nightmare," ventured Anton, as

he presented Belden with hat and danger line. I'm afraid, Dr. Keith, you gloves. "Right." he answered, and descended to the sidewalk and entered his brougham.

Yet every time he recalled that agonised face of his dreams he shuddered. That morning at luncheon Dr. Keith had passed an envelopé to Daphne and another to Olive. Since her Uncle Cuvler had left by will a few thousand dollars to Daphne she had been in receipt of a tiny income of her own-a thing of jokes and jests and ver welcome to her lean little pocketbook. For though Philip's practice was now a valuable one, his wife's allowance remained stationary, and her sensitive pride kept her silent on the subject save when the needs of the little ones were in question; then only she played the beggar.

The Double Income.

To-day Dr. Keith said remindingly: "Last quarter day I was in Philadelphia at the Medical Congress and your

With a little laughing apology Daphne

affairs, mes enfants, were neglected, so to-day you have a half year's settle-bolt upright in my chair a bit ago, and ment."

cretion." He laughed lightly. "I sat bolt upright in my chair a bit ago, and I dreamed of you. Mistress Keith."

selfish New York slipped her envelope into the small, charlen, a noted strongly clasped chamois under pocket of Keith, and his that careful women wear suspended from the waist for the safety of rings arranges that she hag or hand-carried pocketbook. Her Daphne is her. was as decidedly bloated, and the doc

"Abominable!" agreed the professor. Then the doctor rose from the table, and laying a five dollar gold piece by Stolen! young Mr. Keith's plate, said, "Now. don't swallow that, youngster, before

"It was Lota, the circus-rider in "Well, what?" retorted the foctor, Paris, who gave me the scar on my shoulder. A nasty knife-thrust it was too. But Irma—the Russian coloners "Well I'm d—blessed!" snapped Protoo. But Irma—the Russian coloners wife—ah, her tongue was sharper than fessor Keith, and then laughed con-

not accept conge till I finally bought Daphne's face, but she quietly ex-

"You'd better invest in an almanac Cousin Philip," gibed Olive, "Oh, well, there's only a week between the two dates, and let me tell

"Then let the youngsters bless God seventh daughter, my friend. Give me for their mothers. For nothing," con Your cup and hear me prophesy.'
"Slowly she spoke: 'You have loved the Professor, "seems strengthen the Professor, "seems wrong. She got the Pharaoh of the with Thotmes III., who long pre-eded nim, and his favorite son Khamwese who followed, but should she live to be a hundred she will never mix the figures that you can say that of.

Daphne-May took it as a delicious joke that papa had given her birthday to young Mr. Keith. The doctor in urn rather confusedly suggested that Daphne-May might get for herself the one! Through all the years a man little tov plano she had longed for weaves his dearest sin, his forbidden And with real embarrassment the child

"Great-dad did give it me already,

women, and—are you listening?— Both pain and anger showed plainly through a woman shall you be punished. For you will love one woman "May I whisper, please?" and reaching with all your soul. Ah, yes! for no man up on tip-toe she asked, "May I go

ment she will slip from your arms for- take her in his arms and kiss her, and-" For I am a seventh daughter of a But the presence of Olive, the ubiquit

moment of your final loss you think of A little later the doctor descended me! For then only will you understand the stairs, scribbling in his note book what this moment spells for me!" As he wandered through such memo- doll-"Helen of Gweece," who would ries, he gave a sudden start, had said, he believed Helen was better "Daphne!" he cried, "you looking than Eve, and he was certain teen named Eva, only great-dad ere, and without hat or cloak?"

She knew more. And now that her go cart might be purchased without error,

As Page opened the front door to ness of her eyes. She leaned both hands changed. Then the doctor broke out: say, Rumor's seven tongues vanced half-pouting lips rogulshly were all busy this morning over last night's high jinks. Was it really a

"W-well," with his eyes turned uneasily toward the drawing-room. Things soared for a while."
"By Jove!" sighed the doctor, "I'd ave enjoyed looking on!"

shrugged Belden, "you could Anton was at his side in an instant, have felt no interest without a stake in the game."

"Wrong sir, there's just where m enjoyment would have come in. To see other chaps winning or losing like You know what the doctor blazes; pushing hundreds about like nickels, and thousands like quarters, and myself beyond the danger line." A slow smile crept across Belden's smooth red lips.

"Your ideas of enjoyment are pe-culiar." Then with a faint touch of

would not make a good loser."
"Perhaps not." answered Philip, a uch sharply. "When a man earns his coney he feels a natural desire t eep it as long as he can."

"Ah, I see-I see," gave back Belden -yes, that explains-er-many things, The doctor gave him a puzzled look; en, exclaiming "By Jove! I'm late," dapped on his hat and bolted, leaving is instrument bag behind him.

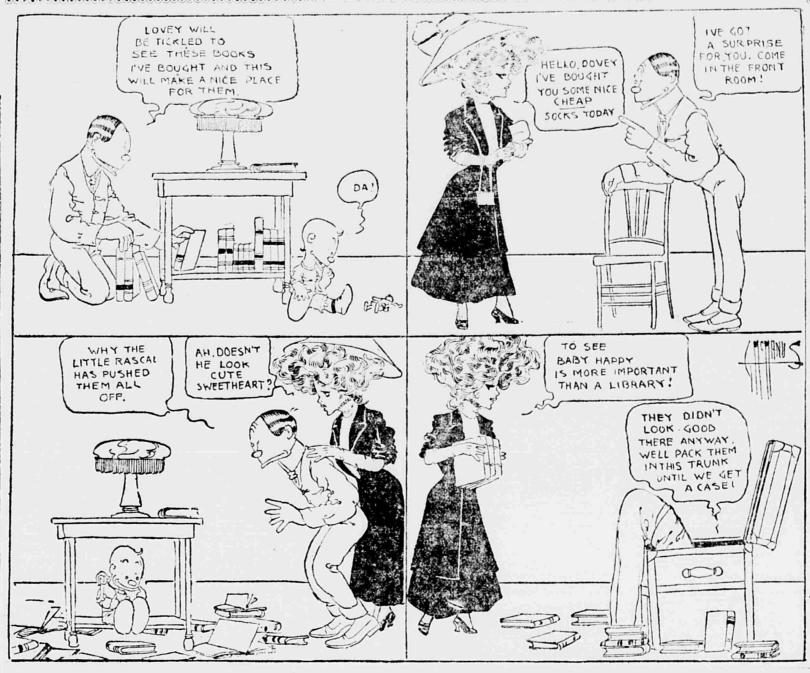
As Belden entered the drawing-room

e met Mrs. Keith, already hatted and gloved. "Ah!" he said, "you possess nat virtue of sovereigns-punctuality." Then as his eyes rested on her lovely face he winced at the memory of his dream, and he gazed at her with such itensity that she was startled into utting up an apprehensive hand to her

What is it?" she asked. "Why do you look so strangely at me." "I humbly ask your pardon. I-erwell, I have been guilty of an indis-

(Te Be Continued.)

The Newlyweds & Their Baby & George McManus



The Noisy Golden Locks at the Boarding House



beautiful." "And no one knows that better than ours truly," she replied, facing the uch to the annoyance of a sterneven though I do say it myself.

You're not the only one that ever nanded me that game. Do you see that gerry down there at the foot of the table, with one lamp on the old lady, inching the sugar with both fists so as o have a party all by herself under the sheets to-night when mother drifts off to dreamland? Well, when I was n that gerry's class my golden locks ilmost kissed the ground, like the pictures you see in the magazines of 'Kill-he-Roots did this; let us kill yours.' I was the conversation of the neighborhood, and all the cars stopped in front

"But one day Mr. Typhoid rambled

The Misunderstandings of Martha

A. Flynn.

A. Flynn.

days when the doctor told the barber to days when the doctor told the barber tol

pleasantly remarked to Tess at dinnor last evening,
having indust:

| Document of the shoes are considered by the shoes that grandfather were when before the fire, let it hang over the floor is one of them, are always mak-



of the door so the passengers could get a good pike at my locks.

"But one day Mr. Typhoid rambled"

WHEN Yankee Doodle crossed the London Bridge he observed that the huses departed simultaneously from opposite sides and just far enough "She was apart to always have ten huses on the bridge five soing in either pilled, as the huses departed simultaneously from opposite sides and just far enough apart to always have ten buses on the bridge, five going in either "But one day Mr. Typhoid rambled down our street and nailed me good and hard. I was anchored in the hay in one direction. Yankee Doodle is on one of the buses, and so far on his stamps, and three weeks in the making of the dress, which was of the for seven weeks, and they slipped me journey has passed five buses. Can you tell on which bus he is riding?

etta on your floor that beat Mrs. the one who talked like a fog and

nothing like being sure, so we waited her daughter could not get married unless she behaved herself and cleared up or a grand pike and got it.

niatters at a dinner that night, and so when Jean walked in alive but grieved,
"One morning she didn't hear the she soon told him how it was. Death had given them a close call and love had

"Was the lady awake when Lizzie ing" was unpleasant and hardly worth sitting up for. walked in?" I inquired, thirsting for

"She was awake all right." Tess replied, as the liver and bacon made its

By Marjorie Organ



The Social Moth.

HERE once was a woman named Who Bridge-whisked away her last Pennie; When forced to dispose Of her fingers and tose remarked: "I shall use m.y An-

New to the Game. AITER, is this supposed to be coffee?" inquired the diner in the Rapidity Cafe.

'I couldn't say," replied the waiter,

-Harper's Weekly.

Lincoln Got the Boy a Job.

With them slipped in a lad who had been waiting a long time for these times. Jones?" asked NE morning two Senators entered President Lincoln's private office, admission to the presence of this great man.

The President briefly greeted the two Senators; then, turning to with the calminess of a fatalist. the boy, said kindly, "And who is this little boy?

"Very good, son," answered the President, "but you'll have to see the doorkeeper of the House at the Capitol." "But, sir," said the lad, "I am a good boy and have a letter from my mother and from my Sunday-school superintendent and my teacher."

"If Capt. Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy I shall be gratified.

Always Good Reasons.

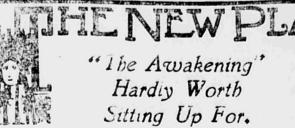
"Same as yours," responded Jones, shopping before the helidays to get the The child answered: "My mother is poor, sir, and I'm looking for work. I best, and then goes shopping after the thought you might let me be a page in the House."

I best, and then goes shopping after the best and the goes shopping after the goes shopping after the goes after the goes shopping after the goes and the goes shopping after the goes and the goes shopping after the g

PH GRISEN—Ah desires to pur-chase a razzer. The President took the lad's papers, ran his eye over them, and then wrote Clerk-Safety?

"A, LINCOLN."

Eph Green-No, sah: dis am fo' social age.-Harper's Weekly.



S OLGA NETHERSOLE again dealt three-card drama last night by starting off three weeks at Daly's with "The Awakening," a steamheated play by Paul Hervieu, who, in "The Labyrinth," got rid of both men for her by sending them over a cliff.

No one was killed last night, though more than one person in the auce nearly died. As for Miss Nethersole, she limped through the three acts,

in case of tight slippers depended e other. Her suffering, of course, was oward, so to speak, until her eyes were imming and her nose was red. But consoled to-day to know It was not Miss Neifhersole's fault.

course, that the French flavor of the day seemed stale and flat, but it hardseems unfair to hold her partly reponsible for the stiff, jarring translaion and the artificial acting. There were certain speeches which might have sounded almost polite in the original lish, his you between the eyes and staggered your sense of propriety a bit. So little more than affectation of the most painful sort, and here Miss Nethersol

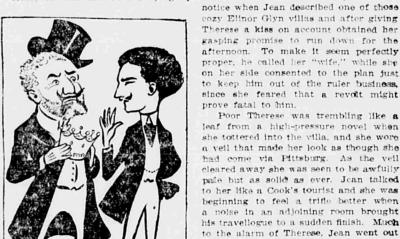
Awakening" seemed simply a fine exsutgrown, and that consequently seemed



false. Miss Nethersole failed to win the slightest sympathy for the now-shecence Grant, an English actor of the lisping school, you couldn't find it in your heart to blame Therese for wanting to run away from her husband. There was Prince Jean fell in love with Therese and his own syllables. If Jean's father had told him he would make him eat his words, Mr. Mills would probably have

fean was going to throw down "the cause" for Therese and not rule over his Charles A. Stevenson said and did all that was demanded of him very well indeed. He did more than anyone else to lift the London fog that hung over

one who had been keeping up with current literature sat up and took



on her side consented to the plan just to keep him out of the ruler business. Poor Therese was trembling like a leaf from a high-pressure novel when she tottered into the villa, and she wore a veil that made her look as though she cleared away she was seen to be awfully pale but as solid as ever. Jean talked beginning to feel a trifle better when a noise in an adjoining room brought

to investigate. greeted very cordially, for there was a beautiful racket mixed with a few nice greans. This was Miss Nethersole's cue against the door, but it withstood even

way to give her twenty bones a week. Therese was led to believe that her lover had been killed for political reasons for a picture of her dome. We often and advised to hurry right home unless she wanted to get mixed up in a scanwondered whether she took it down at dal. When she reached home and the last act, you learned she had intended to night. She said she did, and, of course, throw herself into a lake, but had fainted in the street before getting a chance we took her word for it, but there's to spoil a gown that was as blue as herself. She was made to understand that

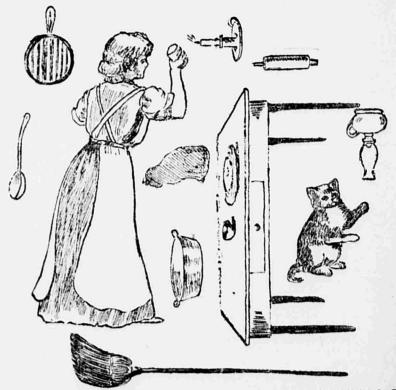
bell, because I forgot to ring it on her passed them by. And then, for her daughter's sake, she went to dinner, floor, so Lizzie opened her door. Hen-rietta begged her not to say a word, and she didn't—except to me."

It is to be hoped the dinner was better than the play. There was in it none of the simplicity of a great passion. Therese talked too much of her "lost honor," of her "duty" and of her "sacrifice" to be taken simply. "The Awaken-

A Dress Made of Stamps.

finest muslin. The stamps were not put on anyhow, but in an elaborate de-

Rearrange This Kitchen If You Can.



W HO will help this pretty maid in this cut-out arrange her kitchen? I imagine the cat to be playing with a string which is hance. table drawer, or maybe she is playing with a little kitten Directions for Making the Picture.—Cut out all the objects and arrange and paste them upon a piece of white paper 6x8 inches in size into the form of a pretty picture. Then take your pencils and draw in whatever you like.